

# NOT A MOUTHFUL TO EAT OR DRINK FOR MORE THAN 7 MONTHS.



How long can a human being live without food? On a bed in a quiet Michigan farmhouse lies a woman whose story bids Science and all its wise men to wait before answering that question.

For 215 days, come this Sunday morning, neither food nor drink has passed her lips. Doctors have puzzled their wits over her. Heretofore people have declared that nourishment was being furnished to her on the sly. Museum managers have offered fabulous sums for her services. The woman is above and beyond all these.

Forced by some power which she herself cannot understand, to refuse food, shrunken, by her abstinence, to a mere shred and framework of a woman, she lives, a rebuke to the unbelieving and a mystery with which the laws of science cannot cope.

The history of human abstinence tells of no famous starveling whose record rivals that of Mrs. Henry Ingham. Compared with her, Dr. Tanner was a glutton, and Succi, the Italian soldier, who fended and fasted in a hall in Twenty-third street, and grew ugly and thin as his forty days and nights wore on, was a tyro in the art of going hungry.

Through all the suffering which this woman has undergone the light of religious inspiration shines. Yet she is not a religious monomaniac. Her fast is not a manifestation of Divine will. Physicians said months ago that she could not outlive the ordeal. But each day finds the wasted creature strong in the belief that when God sees fit she will be restored to health and strength again before. Once, for a year, lacking three days, she lay and suffered in this same incredible way. That was in 1880. Physicians gave her over for dead. From 175 pounds she fell away until all that remained of her weighed less than a healthy child.

From the moment when, relieved of the Divine mandate under which she believed all the wonder was wrought, she called for food, health came back to her almost in a twinkling. In a few months her weight had mounted to upward of 200 pounds. She took up again the slow round of her household duties. Her agony was only a memory.

The way in which her present fast began, and its fabulous refutation of all the accepted laws of Nature and physiology, make even the sternest cynic wonder if she be not after all some soul strangely left from the bygone age of miracles to convince an unbelieving century of a power not human.

On the night of February 19, of the present year, Mrs. Ingham had a vision. Vividly before her came a picture of herself, suffering through long days and nights, the endless agonies she had known in the former fast. She told her husband that the old sensations were overcoming her. He sent post haste for a physician.

When the doctor came Mrs. Ingham had taken to her bed. The long fast had begun. The mysterious shadow had again fallen on the Ingham household. The medicines which were given to her the woman rejected, telling the doctors simply that they did not understand.

When the first week had gone by the cloud had settled down. Treatment brought no relief. The de-

velopment of all the conditions which had marked the first fast became more marked.

Weighing 210 pounds on the 19th of February, in a week Mrs. Ingham's weight had been reduced only three pounds. She was cheerful, submissive to what she said simply, was God's will. At first, by the physician's counsel, she struggled to take food. She cut-gled her brain to think of something she could swallow with relish. She is a woman of strong mentality, and following material counsels she tried to force herself to think longingly for food.

It was no use. The mention of even the most delicate of viands made her sick. She told the doctors and her family it was no use, and resigned herself to the long struggle.

As the time wore on and emaciation progressed more rapidly she grew weaker. She never stirred from her bed. There were long periods during which she lay as one in a trance. Only the faint beating of her heart gave outward evidence that life lingered in her.

Her body was cold and rigid. She seemed like a dead woman. She looked, the physicians said, as Mollie Fancher had looked in her famous trance. From these states only one agency, electricity, had any power to rouse her. That seemed to wake and stimulate some nerve centres over which the paralyzing uselessness had claimed sway.

Then, for days sometimes, she had comparative ease. Then her helplessness would assert itself in some new and unexpected form. She was bereft of speech for days. Then the faculty would return, as suddenly as it had left her.

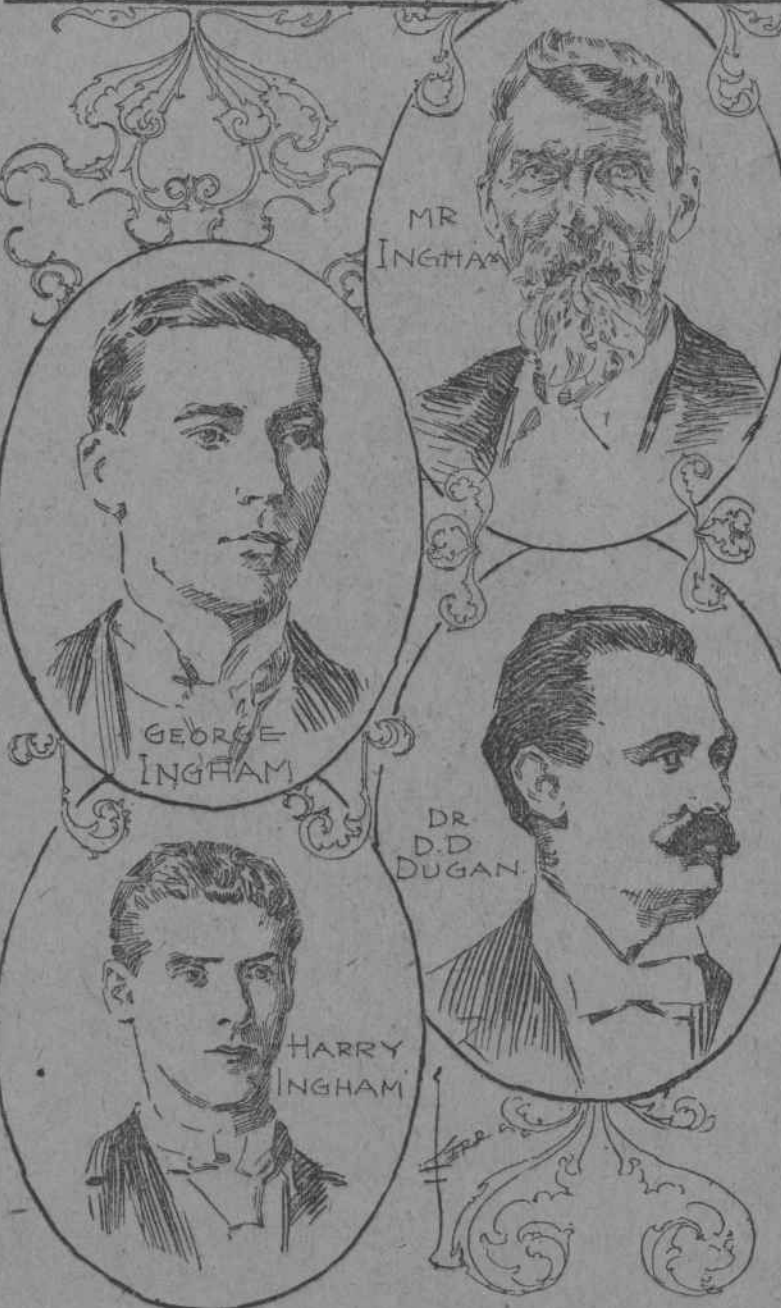
Through all this time it was plain that she was wasting away at a pitiable rate, and the physicians and neighbors began to foretell the end. Even with the memory of her former triumph over starvation to inspire them they could not believe, watching the woman grow paler and thinner from day to day, that she could endure the test again.

But the first hundred days slipped away, and still she lived. The neighbors knew no other gossip, and the story spread. Physicians came from different parts of the Wolverine State, to look upon the wonder. Then other States were represented in the crowd which craved admittance at the door of the Ingham house. Curiosity seekers were there by thousands, and the Ingham family bore the visitation as well-ordered and level-headed people ought.

The house which has been the scene of this remarkable demonstration is an unpretentious frame structure, the front overgrown with climbing vines. The interior bears evidence of thrift and of tidy housekeeping. The fasting woman lies in a room, the windows of which are shrouded by a mass of foliage, through which the daylight peeps.

On a bed of snowy whiteness rests the skeleton of Mrs. Ingham—for that is all it is. Her face, furrowed by pain, lights up with intelligence at the sight of a new face. Her bony hands are held out in graceful and friendly greeting. Week after week, month after month, she has lain there, motionless, or nearly so; helpless, more ghastly in appearance each day, but never losing faith.

As the fame of the case spread over the country many letters came to the Michigan homestead. Patent medicine vendors have flooded her with life-saving propositions. Others have written of prayers publicly offered for her restoration to health.



Through all this excitement Mrs. Ingham was calm and collected. Her chief interest was with the doctors who held councils at her bedside. She smiled at all their speculations, and told them God knew best. They said it was strange that she did not crave water. She must, from starvation, have fever, and thirst would be engendered. But she refused all beverages.

They told her such abstinence would kill her. She answered that she was ready to die if God willed it. They moistened her lips with water. That was all she wanted.

Learned men among the visitors tried the administration of food by artificial means. The nourishment so given was not retained, and of stimulants no effect was realized.

No medical treatise was left unexamined in the search for some treatment to fit Mrs. Ingham's case. Pamphlet phases were found in similar cases, but suggested means of relief failed utterly.

The trial given to electricity, in the hope of effecting a permanent cure and restoration was thorough in the extreme. The doctors who were most bent upon a trial of the electrical treatment looked upon Mrs. Ingham as a sufferer from nervous disorder, and on that ground sought to cure her by means of batteries.

But the current, though it enlivened the activity in some dormant organs of the body, had no apparent effect upon the causes productive of the phenomenon.

Mrs. Ingham's condition was bettered by the use of electricity. It was a stimulus which imbued her with new life and she looked forward to its invigorating influence with keen delight. The current was at first slowly turned on, and the force gradually increased until the flesh or network of skin which clothed her skeleton frame fairly quivered. The electrical treatment was employed with the belief that the organs of her body, which failed to perform their functions, could, like machinery, be put in motion, and her fast broken by a craving for food.

But the experiment, however firmly grounded in scientific truth, failed, and Mrs. Ingham returned again to her alternating periods of trance and wakefulness, and the long-continued battlings against unalterable pain.

As the fast dragged on to its two hundredth day dream periods, of which she has many since the beginning of her ordeal last February, began to come more frequently to the faster.

The one which hampered her most frequently during the hours she lay in trance, her body cold and rigid, was the most realistic. Mrs. Ingham says that as she lost consciousness of things around her she seemed to be enveloped in a peculiar vapor, which resembled a fiery cloud, and her eyes beheld the Eternal City in all its splendor. A voice spoke, and from her bed of earthly suffering she was carried up ward. Then all sense of revelation was lost to her, and she lay as though in death's embrace until consciousness brought her back to a realization of the days of physical torture before her.

Mrs. Ingham's dominating element of religious faith in the outcome of her marvelous experience is the most singular feature of the whole remarkable and absolutely truthful story. She looks forward to every sunrise in the hope that it will bring relief, and yet, underlying that hope, is a conviction that God

intends her to eclipse her previous fast of 362 days.

It is doubtful whether her mind will relinquish that conviction, and the physicians unite in saying that her body will succumb before she has an opportunity of finding out what the Divine intent is.

Whatever the outcome shall be, her faith is Apostolic. When asked if she was hungry she replied that she experienced no craving for food. "I feel," she said, "as though my body at the waist was encircled by an iron band. I have the feeling that I have just eaten a hearty meal, and, consequently, the desire to eat has left me. I shall recover when nature has performed her work, and I may live to eclipse my former fast of 362 days."

But what form of religion is it that nerves this woman to such an heroic act of faith? A Sunday Journal representative asked her that.

"I have no particular creed," she said; "only an abiding faith that I will live. What is forfeited of God must be borne, and our forbearance, even in hours of intense suffering, is a crucial test of our faith."

"If I am permitted to live it will be because my life work remains uncompleted. My faith that I will live gives me strength to endure the ravages of my disease, and if I am to die, I am ready."

"I was not expected to survive my former fast of 362 days, which is without parallel; but faith, and supplication to God wrought the miracle which saved me from the grave."

Dr. Dugan, who has been constantly in attendance upon Mrs. Ingham from the beginning of her fast, said to the Sunday Journal reporter: "This case is without precedent in my practice and observation. Neither have I been able to find a similar case reported in medical authorities. I have, of course, my analysis of the case. Her digestive organs are paralyzed and incapable of performing their functions, but the strange feature of the case is the length of time life has been sustained. I have never given up hope of her recovery, believing that conditions will develop that will save her from what would seem certain death from starvation. She has lost all feeling in her feet and hands, which, she says, feel as though frozen. When she emerged from her trance spells it was without consciousness of what had transpired several days prior to her becoming unconscious. If she recovers I confidently believe she will be compelled to learn to walk, for a similar condition existed at the end of her memorable fast of 362 days. I am unable to give the primary cause of Mrs. Ingham's fast, which I consider the most remarkable in the history of the profession, when all phases of her condition are considered."

The wonderful interest in Mrs. Ingham is evidenced by the prayers which were offered in a number of Indiana and Michigan churches last Sunday for Divine interposition in Mrs. Ingham's behalf. The family and the doctors in attendance have hope that the woman will live. Her weight is now stationary. There is no apparent gain or loss in flesh, and this phase of her case is encouraging. Dr. Dugan this week again resorted to the use of injections for the purpose of giving her strength to struggle on, but with what effect cannot now be said.

Mrs. Ingham is devotedly attached to her family. The two sons, George and Harry Ingham, are prominent young men in the community. Mr. Ingham is a veteran of the late war.

## A CAT GLOBE TROTTER.

The knowing cat that is striving for a world's record as a traveler and cat that has already seen more of the world than most human beings have, is just now nursing an injured ear and resting. But old Tom is not going to rest long, as he has a little trip to Australia to make soon, and must be up and away.

Already in eleven years Tom has covered 667,500 miles, as nearly as can be reckoned, and his owner is making every effort to have him complete a million miles, and so break every cat record that ever existed.

Chief Engineer A. D. Little, of the steamship Alameda, plying between San Francisco and Sydney, New South Wales, says old Tom is as well known as any sailor who ever touched the ports of San Francisco, Sydney, Auckland, Apia or Honolulu, and that there will be general lamentations if old Tom does not carry off a record.

The odd idea of having his pet break the record as a feline traveler came to Engineer Little when a friend of his and of old Tom's, in Auckland, New Zealand, remarked one day that the cat seemed good for another ten years of life on the ocean wave.

With a little figuring between them, it was soon apparent that old Tom had already sailed more than half a million miles, and that with a little care and good luck he could easily round the million mark. Ever since then a careful record has been kept of every knot covered by the Alameda, and the race between death and distance is being watched with interest everywhere from San Francisco to the Antipodes.

One day about thirteen years ago one of

the sailors on board the Alameda, then lying in port at San Francisco, saw a little bunch of gray and white fur scrambling over the side from a neighboring vessel. Frisking across the deck as though it owned everything in sight, the kitten ran up the shrouds, and after a critical survey of the ship and its crew, moved its determination to make the Alameda its home. He would make friends with no one, but roamed the steamer at his own free will.

Chief Little tried to make friends with the saucy little stranger, but failed, for not even the daintiest tidbits could coax him into the engine room. As he grew older Tom settled down to business and soon had the upper part of the vessel clear of rats. Once he chased the vermin in the cook's galley, and in his eagerness to land his prey jumped on a hot stove. His feet were badly burned, and he took refuge in the hold, where he hid himself. When the cat did not appear for twenty-four hours the chief began to make inquiries. When the sailors told him of the accident, Little went below and crawled around among the cargo for nearly an hour before he found the poor little kitten. He carried him to his stateroom and dressed his injured paws with vaseline. For over a week he nursed the kitten and fed him from the choicest bits in the larder, and ever since Tom and the chief have been inseparable.

In the upper part of the vessel Tom is master. Thirteen years of good food and sea air have made him a regular Corporal of the cat. Besides, he acts as a Corporal at the door of Chief Little's stateroom, which none but his master can enter without danger of being caught. He is very knowing in other ways. While sailing through the tropics flying fish often fall on board, and Tom instantly recognizes the noise they make when they strike the deck. "As soon as he makes a capture he brings it to my room to show it to me," says Chief Little, "and then he has a good feed. When he

catches a rat he does the same thing, often waking me up in the night to proudly exhibit his prize."

As a result of a set-to with a wharf cat in Sydney, a few voyages back, Tom is minus a part of his left ear. He has a rather questionable habit of inviting other cats onto the wharf and then fighting with them, usually coming out of the battle the victor.

Age is beginning to tell on him, however, and since his defeat at Sydney Tom has become so patriotic that he never goes ashore, except at San Francisco, and then only to the wharf. Never on sailing day can he be induced to leave the vessel for a moment, though no one has been able to discover how he knows when the steamer is to leave port.

Not long ago his Californian friends presented Tom with a handsome silver collar, and he takes care that every body sees it. The collar bears the inscription, "Old Tom, Ss. Alameda. Presented by his American Admirers, July 4, 1896." The new decoration seems to have softened Tom's nature, for all his aggressiveness has departed. Chief Little asserts that Tom is a "gold" cat, and that the silver collar has taken all the fight out of him.

Should he live to complete a million miles, his friends are arranging to celebrate the event. He will be given a satin-lined basket made from wood taken from all the countries he has visited, and another more elaborate collar of the yellow metal, whose champion he has been for so many years.

His record to date is forty-seven round trips to Australia, which covers a distance of 667,500 miles.

## TALES TOLD BY MOLES.

Have you moles? Yes? Well, know then that moles tell character as infallibly as the palms, the eyes, the hair or the teeth. Most interesting are the stories told by moles. A mole, as almost everybody knows, is a small and usually dark brown protuberant excrescence on the skin.

The lady who has a mole on her right eyebrow may be sure that if she is of the proper age, it will not be many months ere she will wed. She is very likely to marry a man who is her opposite in complexion.

If, however, the mole should happen to be on the left eyebrow, let her beware, for her matrimonial chances are slim. Unless she takes advantage of the fact that this is leap year it is more than probable that it will be a long time before her hand is asked in marriage.

Moles on the head indicate that if you are in political life you will be fairly successful.

A mole on the right temple or forehead may at all times be regarded as an exceedingly good augury. It really means that the possessor will, in the course of

time, become exceedingly rich. His or her affairs will assuredly prosper if rightly managed.

It is practically the same when the mole happens to be on the nose. A mole there is not charming, but the fates have decided that it lacks in beauty it amply makes up in the way of bringing good fortune. For that reason let all those who have moles on the ends of their noses be cheerful and sanguine.

A mole on either lip is a positive indication that the person is one of fine mind, rather given to viewing life realistically, and considerably addicted to the pleasures of love. Such a person is also generally likely to have a transparent skin and bright, moist eyes. In all love affairs he or she will be amazingly successful.

A mole on the foot is not altogether an auspicious sign. It indicates that the person is slothful, careless and will never make much of a mark in the world.

To have a mole on your right arm near the shoulder means a great deal. It means that if you steadfastly apply yourself to your chosen calling you will be thoroughly successful. Bodily strength is also indicated by this position of a mole.

Moles on the neck tell the future with much more accuracy than one would imagine. A mole on the side of the neck means that the person will some time or other narrowly escape death by asphyxiation. Subsequently the person will also to great favor through an unexpected inheritance.

The writer knows of at least two instances where this has proven true.

A mole on the left breast means that most of your children will be boys. It also portends good luck in business undertakings.

If a woman have a mole on her left breast it is most certain that she will have many children. Her life, in the main, will be a happy one, and she will have little or nothing to complain of.

Moles on either cheek are not the happiest auguries. They show that the person is of mediocre intellect, and not likely to make much of a stir in the world. Of course, there are exceptions, but in this instance the rule holds amazingly good.

Don't be alarmed if you have a mole on your chin. It does not mean that you will be beset by multitudinous evils. On the contrary, it signifies that you will not be much overshadowed by ill luck. Success will ease its golden rays across your pathway, and in the game of life you will "win out" in a manner eminently satisfactory to yourself.

Moles on the stomach indicate a person of suspicious tendencies. He or she is likely apt to think more of the good things of life than of hard work or what the most may have in store.

Moles on the hip are indicative of many children. This is a sign that rarely or never fails.

Fortunate marriages are indicated by moles on the right leg. A mole on the left leg is not so auspicious. Still, it is not an altogether bad sign.

A mole on the back of the hand indicates that the person is charitable and willing at all times to assist the needy. It makes no difference as to the hand, the augury is the same.

A mole on the finger is not a good sign. It shows the person to be one who cannot be implicitly trusted, and who will, to subvert his own purposes, stoop to almost any means.

Moles on the throat mean gloom and unfortunate marriages. All matrimonially inclined young women should be glad to have moles on their neck, provided, of course, the moles are not sufficient in number to cause embarrassment.

## OSCAR WILDE IN PRISON.

Concerning Oscar Wilde's life in prison the forthcoming Bookman will say:

"So many conflicting accounts of the prison life of Oscar Wilde and of his condition have been published, that we feel bound to set forth a statement of the actual facts, our informant being an English official, whose position has made him personally cognizant of them. From this source we learn that Mr. Wilde's physical state is very distressing. He is unable to assimilate food; and an enteric disorder which has become chronic has reduced him to a condition of great weakness."

"He is governed by the silent system, and this is rigidly enforced, so much so that he has several times been punished for half involuntarily turning his head in chapel to get a glimpse of the person seated beside him. We were inquisitive enough to ask the nature of his punishment on these occasions, and were told that it consisted in having his 'rug' taken from him. The rug in question is a strip of rug carpet which serves as a substitute for a mattress, being spread upon the surface of a deal door which is his only bed; so that, when under punishment, he sleeps upon the bare planks."

"The gentleman who made these statements is persuaded that Wilde will lose either his life or his reason as the result of his imprisonment; but he probably underestimates the extent of human endurance. The sentence, under the English system of commutation, has only some six months more to run, and it is generally understood that at its expiration, Mrs. Wilde will rejoice to see her husband."